The Donkey Ride From Cairo to the

GAME WITHOUT ANY GATE RECEIPTS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

any thought of vulgar gate receipts.

break for the nearest animal.

A LITTLE CONFUSION.

as he tried to straighten things out

cordantly at the fun and didn't help matters

markets with their loads of merchandi

bundles of sugar cane, and heavy loads of

consistently, be made an occasion for rejoic-

bordering on the river which was used as a market. The sandy soil was crowded with

poorly dressed natives, whose wares consisted mostly of fruits and other edibles.

The merchandise was spread out upon the ground or rested on the backs of kneeling

camels. Everybody appeared to be selling

The scene of the historic contest was an

above the surface. It seemed to be on the line which marks with marvelous abrupt-

ness the end of the rich, green grass of the Valley of the Nile and the beginning of the

Great Desert. To the rear of the home plate the head of the Sphinx and the towering

On the extreme left were the mud houses

of the Bedonin village, and beyond them ap-peared the hazy outlines of a line of tall palm trees. On the left a wide-spreading

sycamore and a single date palm looked

lonely but refreshing against a high hill of sand that hid the desert beyond; back of center field the land rolled away drearily in a vast waste of sand that seemed to end

HUNTING A THEATER.

string of Pyramids could just be seen.

A HISTORIC CONTEST.

ing by his friends.

and no one buying.

nowhere.

cries for "backsheesh."

CAIRO, EGYPT.

February 11 .- The

visit of the ball

players to Egypt

has been more like

a jaunt of ordinary

sight-seeing, Cairo-

hunting tourists

than the trip of a

combination of pro-

fessional athletes.

During their four

days' visit they

roamed about at

pleasure among the

historical relies of

NOBLE AND PIOUS ST. PATRICK.

Teaching Christianity and Introducing Civilization.

THE SHAMROCK SYMBOL OF THE TRIAITY



(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE,) F all the saints in the calendar, there is probably none other whose natal day is so generally known and observed in this country as is that of St. Patrick. Yet it is

also probable that there is none other of whose personal his tory we have less knowledge. Many writers have even denied that such a man as St. Patrick ever existed. They claim that the origin of such a character was due to the proneness to here worship possessed by the masses of all lands, and that the virtues and deeds ascribed to St. Patrick are either purely imaginary or else those of a number of individuals finally attributed to one and

greatly magnified by popular imagination. This view is not the correct one. Both traditionary and written history prove conclusively that such a man as St. Patrick lived and died. There are almost innumerable traditions concerning his birthplace and early youth and he has been variously claimed by the English, Scotch, Welsh and French as a native of their respective countries. It will perhaps be a surprise to many Irishmen to learn that Ireland has never claimed the honor of having given birth to St. Patrick.

OF NOBLE BIRTH.

Though Patrick is generally regarded as a very plebeian name, it is in reality a most patrician one. It is derived from the Roman appellative Patricius, which indicated that the youth who has since become so famous as St. Patrick came of a patrician family. His surname was Succet or Succeth. Of the various places in England, Scotland, Wales and France to which has been ascribed the honor of giving birth to St. Patrick, Boulogne, in France, and Dumbarton-then a Roman province called Nemthur-in Scotland, seem to have the strongest claims, with the preponderance of traditionary evidence in favor of the latter.

The date of his birth is ascribed to widely different years by different writers. Some say that he was born A.D. 372, while other state that he did not come into the world until A. D. 395. As to the day of the month, there is no reliable evidence to sub-stantiate the claim of March 17, and it is wholly a matter of conjecture that the great saint was born upon that day. Perhaps the following poetical account of the birth of St. Patrick, from the pen of a witty Catholic elergyman, is as accurate as any other information we possess concerning him A COMBINATION.

"On the eighth day of March it was, some people say, That St. Patrick at midnight he first saw the day. While others declared 'twas the ninth he was born, And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the baby, while some blamed

the clock, Till with all their cross question, sure no one could know
If the child was too fast or the clock was too

But both of these factions so positive grew That each kept a birthday and Pat then had two, ** Till Father Mulcabey, who showed them their Said 'No one could have two but a fine pair of twins.

Don't always be fighting for eight or for nine;

Don't always be fighting, but sometimes com-Eight and nine add together-seventeen is the So let that be his birthday." "Amen," said

the clerk. During Patrick's childhood, while playing upon the seashore with his two sisters one day, he was seized by Irish pirates taken to Ireland and sold to the petty chief tain of a pagan clan in that country. Like the prodigal son, he was sent into the fields to feed swine. While thus engaged, the religious instruction received from his pious other came tresh to his mind and tone his heart. Bowing before God he sought and obtained pardon for his sins.

St. Patrick has left a vivid account of his being thus converted. It is contained in a Latin manuscript which he calls his "Confession," and which, with a letter-also in Latin-addressed to Coroticus, a Welch chieftain, who had seized several of Patrick's Irish converts, is the only literary relie that has been preserved. ST. PATRICK'S CONVERSION.

"I was 16 years old," he says, "and knew not the true God; but in that strange land, the Lord opened my unbelieving eyes, and, although late, I called my sins to mind, and was converted with my whole heart to the Lord my God, who regarded my low estate, had pity on my youth and ignorance, and consoled me as a father consoles his children." Thus it was that this young swineherd was born again by the truth and spirit of God, while wandering solitary and alone over the green pastures of Ireland.

Of the power and genuineness of his subsequent religious experience he writes as follows: "The love of God increased more and more in me, with faith and the fear of His name. The spirit urged me to such a degree that I poured forth as many as a hun-dred prayers in one day. And even during the flight, in the forest and on the mountsins, where I fed my flock, the rain, snow and frost, and sufferings which I endured, excited me to look after God. * * The spirit fermented in my heart."

Securing his freedom soon afterward, Succent returned to his father's house, and immediately entered upon the work of pre-paring himself for the priesthood. Pagan Ireland was constantly before him in all her moral darkness and degradation. The love of Christ constrained him to return thither, that he might publish the Gospel to the people of that land where the blessed light of Christianity had first dawned upon is own heart. Having been admitted to the priesthood he returned to the Emerald Isle, where he preached to the Pagan tribes with great and saving effect.

THE SHAMROCK PARABLE. The Irish were then a barbarous nation. Even the wealthiest classes herded in rude huts and subsisted largely upon the roots, herbs and grasses of the field. Of the arts his pipe? Isn't he bound to it by peculiar huts and subsisted largely upon the roots, herbs and grasses of the field. Of the arts and refinements of civilization they knew absolutely nothing. It was only through their emotional nature that they could be approached, and to that alone St. Patrick appealed in his efforts to win them from their heathen practices to Christianity. In trying to explain to them the doctrine of the Trinity, he employed the shamrock as a symbol or illustration of that mystery, and it is said that to this fact is largely due the esteem and veneration in which that plant

is held by the Irish people to-day.

The date of St. Patrick's death, like that of his birth, is wrapped in uncertainty. Some writers assign it to the year 458, and others to 493. During his career of evangel-ization in Ireland he is said to have founded 365 churches, or one for every day in the year, and to have personally baptized 12,000

There has been much controversy concern ing the place of his interment. In the works of one of the early fathers of the church are found these lines:

"On the hill of nown, buried in one tomb, Were Bridget and Patricius, With Columba the pious." EARLY MISSIONARIES. From the above statement it has been con-

If the lines be true it is certainly very appropriate that the three worthies ould be interred together in one commo grave, for the names of St. Bridget as Columba are as dear to the Irish people as St. Patrick. St. Bridget, whose father was a Prince of Ulster, was the first Irish nun, taking the required vows soon after her conversion through the instrumentality of St. Patrick. Under a great oak, which had erved the heathen Druids as a temple, she built her first cell and called it Kil-Dara. Around this primitive numery the town of Kildare gradually sprang up. Columba was an Irish missionary priest to whom be-longs the honor of introducing Christianity

into Scotland. The miracles, legends, traditions, superstitions and quaint folk-customs and observ-ances associated with the name of St. Patrick would fill many large volumes. One of the most familiar of these is his expulsion of snakes, toads and other reptiles from Ire-land by beating a drum and driving them before him into the sea. This exploit and the general fame of St. Patrick have been commemorated in countless quaint folk-songs, from one of the most characteristic of which I make the following extract:

"St. Patrick was a gentleman, he came of He built a church in Dublin town and put on it a steeple. cess attend St. Patrick's fist, for he's the decent saint, O!

He gave the snakes and toads a twist, he's a beauty without paint, O!'

WONDROUS MIRACLES.

In his efforts to convert the Irish pagans, St. Patrick met with much opposition from their heathen priests, the Druids, who employed every possible trick and deception to retain their hold upon the people. It was to expose these impostors that many of St. Patrick's most remarkable miracles were performed. He cursed the kettles, which the Druids employed in the performance of their mysteries, so that nothing could be boiled in them. He transformed the fertile lands into bogs and banished the fish from the waters to show the miraculous power he derived from God. But the Druids still emaining obstinate, he caused the earth to swallow them up, and so put an end to Druids in Ireland forever. Another of St. Patrick's miracles is thus described in the old Irish ballad of "Polly

"St. Patrick as in legends told, The morning being very cold, In order to assuage the weather, Collected bits of ice together;

Then gently breathed upon the pyre, When every fragment blazed on fire.' There are at least three physical relics of St. Patrick now in this country. They are three teeth taken from his jawbone, in possession of a Beliast family, and given to three of its members on immigrating to

Though St. Patrick taught the Irish to distill whisky, which they called poteen in his honor, he became an advocate of tem-perance when he saw the evil effects of that liquor. Considering St. Patrick's virtues and the good work he did, we must agree with the old folk song that "For saints and for men you may search the

may go from the East to the West-That can equal St. Patrick, the best."

FRANK FERN. THE PROMISE OF SCIENCE. How the Earth is Gradually Being 'Used Up

by Mankind.

Chicago News. 1

Everybody knows that the world is west ing out-that the time is coming when we will have no coal to burn in our grates, and no iron to make our grates out of, even had we the coal. A close record of the output of the oil field discovers the fact that the petroleum reservoirs are running dry and investors have not the faith in the inexhaustible flow of natural was that the sellers of wells could wish. We know that precious metals are dug out in less quantities than formerly; that the diamond market, in spite of Kimberly, is cornering itself; that mahogany and pine will some day be things of he past, like the buffalo robe and dodo. We are confronted with the fact that the few invited guests, to explain to them the guano deposits will not last forever, that there guano deposits will not last forever, that there purposes of the movement, to make very large contingent who couldn't stand as posting and the strain, who were, in fact, of a quality and the strain, who were, in fact, of a quality and removed will have neither quinine, chloro-

form nor aniline dyes, Of course this general exhaustion' of old earth's treasure house is some time ahead of us. It will not happen in our day nor in the next century. We can go on burning the candle at both ends for a few hundred years before humanity has to adjust itself to the newer or more economical conditions. But, despite the fact that the time of stress is so far ahead of us that we can look on to it jokingly, it is pleasant to learn that science is getting ready for the rainy day. We are on the eve of a new age and on the threshold of a new civilization. Aluminium ac-cording to nature, is making ready to take the place of steel, and it will be cheaper, lighter, stronger and 1,000 fold more plentiful and cheap.

debatable land between pure chemistry and practical commerce, and, it is a question of time merely when we shall build our houses, our telephones, and our air ships out of the silvery core of our common clay. instead of heavy and refractory iron.

Heat and food, according to science, we are to gather from the sea in proper fish culture and wise electrical work. The economist brightly believes that we will solve the labor problem before the middle of the twentieth century, and solve it to the satis-

HUMAN BLOOD AS CEMENT.

How the Coal Miners Mend Their Piges Down in the Gloomy Depths. Philadelphia Press.]

"Next to his wife and babies the coal miner loves his pipe," said a former worker in the anthracite mines, but now a well-known politician. "He loves it so well that he never hesitates to shed his blood to save it. It is this one great comfort and solace down in the gloomy depths, and if he was as careful of himself as he is of his pipe there would be less of fatality in the

"It by some hard luck his pipe is brokenfor the miner's pipe is in nine cases out of ten a clay one—he has a way of mending it that no other smoker would resort to. He takes the needle he carries for picking up the wick of his lamp and jabs it deep in his hand or arm. The blood flows quickly from the wound. The miner rubs the edges of the fractured pipe on the blood until they are coated with it and then fits them The blood quickly dries and no cement could give greater adhesion. I have known a miner's pipe to be mended in half



A Natural Mistake.



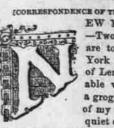
Mrs. Jar's Pendelum-Law sakes! Jar's. what mought that thing be?
Mr. Jar's Pendelum - Wal, Maria, should say that's one of the monkeys been sluded that he lies buried at Downpatrick. out for a walk - Texas Siftings.

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT.

Lenten Diversions Among New York's Exclusive Four Hundred.

MRS, GEN. BOOTH'S PRETTY STAFF.

An Incident in the Life of the New President of Sorosis.



CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) EW YORK, March 16, -Two curious things are to be seen in New York as a consequence of Lent among fashionable women. There is a groggery within sight of my windows. It is a

quiet enough place so far as outside observation reveals, and its mahogany blinds and screens hide from feminine eyes, ordinarily, whatever goes on within. But yesterday afternoon I saw two swell ladies and a gentleman, members of one of our proudest families, alight from a carriage at the side door of this saloon. That portal is labeled "Family Entrance," and into it I see many children go with pails and pitchers, and subsequently emerge with the froth of beer visible above the edge of those receptacles. I believe the common people call this "working the

My exquisite acquaintances from Fifth evenue gave quick glances up and down the street, and then stepped in a tittle hurridly, as though just a bit afraid of being seen. I was astonished at the sight. Within a few minutes another carriage load of modest belles and beaux did the same thing and within an hour a score of that sort of folks had entered the drinking place. All

this was on account of Lent.

A LENTEN DIVERSION I speedily found out the explanation. They had rented the bowling alley in the basement under the saloon for the evening, and therein played a series of games with the balls and pins, Bowling is regarded, for some inscrutable reason, as a permissible diversion during the Lenten season, and Fifth avenue people are not only using the alleys connected with the big athletic clubs, but are fashionably sanctifying the alleys connected with the beer saloons by occasional use. Of course, these particular occupants are guarded against the intrusion of the ordinary customers of these places, and are quite as exclusive as though gathered in their own homes.

The other singular sight is that of the Salvation Army lassies entering the residences of the rich and grand. Young Mrs. Booth, wife of the army's General in America, is a pretty woman, with nice manners, excellent education, and—what is more to the purpose of a New York fad—she speaks with the right London accent—not the broad cockney dialect of Whitechapel, of course, but exactly the speech of West End drawing a rooms. She has undertaken to in drawing rooms. She has undertaken to in-terest swelldom in Salvation Army revivalism, and has lectured several times infor-mally to assemblages of women of wealth. How deep an impression she has made on them is a question for surmise, but she has at least got their passing attention.

SWEET-FACED SALVATIONIST. On her staff are a dozen very agreeable young ladies, who wear the quaint costume of the army, but are not of the vociferous. rough-and-ready type of evangelists usually found in that garb. On the contrary, they are gentle-mannered, sweet-faced creatures who wear their uniform without being ridiculous, and even with coquetish touches of stylishness about it. They are sent by Mrs. Booth to residences of influential matrons, whenever requested, there to talk to a

of our girls. An attempt at modesty of raiment combined with expressions of captivating piety is noticeable in the fashionable observers of this season, called Lent. Churches are now being made visually interesting by the presence of beauty holding player books and curving its eyelashes to heaven.

IT IS A FAD

Its price now puts the new elements in the and there is no religious disrespect in saying so. Society demands one at every season. The opera gets to be a bore, cotillions dance themselves dizzy, and late suppers fail to digest. If it were fashionable to keep it up would be done until death ensued. fashion steps in and institutes a relief for herself by observing Lent. This acts like a Turkish bath upon the jaded constitution, and the fatigued angels fold their wings to rest, so they may be able to come up smiling and rosy at the mountains and seashore next summer ready for anything, even to contemplating matrimony. Like cure like, but excitement doesn't cure shattered nerves. These demand sleep, fresh air, and whole-some food, articles that cannot be got in society until Lent lends its aid.

But when I look at our girls here in New York I am bound to admit that, in spite of their feverish manner of living, they are remarkably bright and healthy. through the park of an afternoon the spark-ling panorama of fresh-faced young women erched high on the seats of T carts and tanhopes, or more often on the back of a galloping horse, is invigorating to the mind, and a guarantee for a good future race. I know several girls who have been dashing in the surf of the season's pleasure regardless of everything but the delights of the moment, and now that the storm has spent itself, bless me if those girls aren't as radiant, as so many peonies, and so full of life that electricity fairly crackles in them as

DASHING NEW YORK GIRLS.

There appears to be a sustaining energy in the air of New York, and I am being constantly assured by men and women who have lived in various parts of the world that, taken all in all, New York is the healthiest spot they ever found. Be this as it may, I feel sure that the London girls, the Paris girls, or the Boston girls, never came out of the maeistrom of a "season" in better form than our athletic daises now show as they course round the park drive on their thoroughbreds, or foot it off to church in the dust and cold of these blustering March mornings.

The new President of Sorosis, Ella Dietz

Clymer, once had her spell on the stage. Her career as an actress was brief and inglorious. Although she is prettier than her sister Linda, who has continued acting, she did not prove valuable on the stage. She was a stepdaughter of Dr. Hallock, a very bland and genial physician, now dead and gone. She moved in a literary circle, wrote pleasing p etry, had considerable skill as an elecutionist, and indulged in a dramatic ambition. In those days Augustin Daly was tempting fortune in all sorts of ways, and was the lessee of three New York theaters. His operations soon afterward made him a bankrupt, but just at that juncture he had many projects on hand.

WOULD AN ACTRESS BE. Dr. Hallock took Ella to Daly and explained that she would like to go on the stage. What he meant was that she should be engaged to appear in dramas at the Fifth Avenue Theater, which was Daly's chief establishment. Daly hired the handsome young lady, and the contract required her to take whatever roles he might assign to hasn't had any breakfast to-day.—Puck.

her. What was her dismay a week later to be ordered to assume a role in "King Car-rot," a spectacular extravaganza to be brought out at the Grand Opera House. The manuscript of the part sent to her contained about a hundred words, and it was quite unintelligible. She went to Daly for instruction, and there learned that she was to drive a charlot into one of the gorgeou

"But I am a little sfraid, Mr. Daly," she said, in mild protest, "that I am hardly suited to that. I prided myself especially upon my elocution, and I hoped to make a debut in an emotional character."

She was told that no first appearan could well be more striking than to drive two real horses into public view. She as-BAD CASE OF POO MUCH GOOD FORM sented, partly because she was very anxious to appear anyhow, and partly because she had to, according to the terms of the contract. Then she experienced a second and worse shock upon seeing a sketch of the character. The polite belie of a literary colorie the authorses of sweet vertex. coterie, the authoress of sweet verses, the dainty recitationist, as a chariot driver! But she did it. I remember the picture vividly, and I shall recall it when I see the lady, graceful, suave and dignified, presiding at a Sorosis dinner. BOUCICAULT'S LATEST BRIDE

The other afternoon I met a little roundouldered old man in a yellow ulster. His thin hair was white as new snow; his face pale and old looking. He might pass unnoticed to the casual stranger, save as a some what eccentric gentleman over whose head about 70 years had journeyed. He was leaning on the arm of a semi-young woman wit blonde hair and pleasing countenance. She was Louise Thorndyke. He, her husband, Dion Boucleault, the actor and dramatist. They had been married the day before as a 'clincher'' to a ceremony performed some our years ago in Australia. Boucleault has exhibited throughout his

ife the peculiarities and frailties of genius, He won his first wife Agnes Robertson away from dukes and all sorts of royal things. His fluent love making conquered her. He stuck to her with commendable tenacity for a period, but the time came when his inconstant temperament demanded a change. He took several.

But here is Mr. Boucicault, remarried. teaching youngsters how to act, retouching other people's plays, writing a new one himself, and forming altogether an emphatic refutation of the threescore-years-and-ten theory. In his own words, "there is plenty of blood in the old man yet." But he has, let us hope, got to the last of matrimonial

GOOD FORM.

There is one thing that has destroyed the first charm of the girl in New York—the charm of simplicity—and that is her education up to a routine observance of what she terms "good form." There is scarcely anything area disappressed than a surpression of the second statement of the second statem thing more disagreeable than a young woman who is constantly guarding every move-ment she makes, and by mo accident ever evincing the naturalness of youth. This geometric propriety of living has be-

come mania with many girls. No matter what their moral disposition may be or their mental caliber they dare to base their claims for attention, and even love, on the grounds of their absolute knowledge of "good form." They know just the proper clothes to wear on all occasions, they know about the applicability of every item of apparel, of household furniture, of the use of words, of methods of hair dressing, of walk-ing, of eating—they know it all. And of course they are to be admired for knowing it all; but the fact that they want to im-press on your mind from morning till night that they know it all is what makes them unpleasant companions. Etiquette and form are their gods, and they worship at those shrines to the exclusion of everything that we love in girlhood. Their precise gestures, their conscious attitudes, their as surances to you that So and So (whom you are especially fond of) is such "awfully bad form," makes you hate them.

VERY TIRESOME. You get so you delight in the company of a girl who is bad form, and almost long for one who will wear cameo bracelets and say "darn it," and walk like a baseball player While the refining influence of modern society in this city has undoubtedly reared for us some of the most delightfully sweet and magnificent girls on the face of the earth, nevertheless there is among them a very large contingent who couldn't stand That is why you nowadays see Sal- have it an unconscious part of themselves. vation Army lassies wending their ways among the stylishly dressed ladies of the tion of good manners. They are what used among the stylishly dressed ladies of the avenue and entering or departing from the mausions of that thoroughfare. It is the transitory whim to regard these evangelists as almost saints, and photographs of Mrs. Booth have largely displaced those of the professional stage beauties in the boudoirs reputation for leading cotillons and driving a tendem, never forgetting all the while to wear exactly the tint of gloves requisite for each exercise, he is a hero fit to rave about, because he is "such awfully good form, don't von know."

All of which, as any sensible person will admit, is very, very tiresome. CLARA BELLE.

NOVEL DUCK HUNTING.

A Massachusetts Sportsman Follows the Game on an Ice Tricycle.

Two duck hunters who have just returned from a season of shooting at Montauk Point. L. I., report the novel methods of duck hunting resorted to by a Massachusetts sportsman named Chadwick, who has been spending much of the winter about Fort Pond Bay and Napeague Harbor. Chadwick has an ice trievels which travels on runners, upor which they say he is able to cruise ever many miles of inshore ponds and land-locked bays daily without fatigue. The machine is fitted with two steel runners forward like an icebont and steers with a movable runner aft. Between the two forward runners, and slightly in their rear, a steel-calked wrought-iron wheel travels on the ice. This is the propelling power. It is about three feet in diameter, and can be geared so as to make three revolutions to one of the forpedals, or less than half a revolution to each turn of the cranks, according to the speed required. Under favorable conditions a remarkably high rate of speed may be main-tained, and in scudding before the wind, or in running with a beam wind, the propelling wheel is lifted up and a little cance mast

and sails are rigged and made to do good Mr. Chadwick was easily able to out-shoot his fellow-sportsmen on Long Island, as with the aid of his machine he could follow the game for any distance in an incredibly short space of time, in approaching an opening in the ice filled with ducks, he is enabled to get very near to it before shooting by decorating his tricycle with brush and trees, and in this way disarming the birds of all suspicion as to his real character. By moving head on to the quarry from the lee ward with the machine disguised in this manner the ducks would frequently sit in the water until within easy range.

The Wrong Door.



Mr. de Spare-You have spurned me with contempt, and when I close this portal behind me, I shall be lost to the world for-r-r-

net them, and the old ball tosser asked: UNDER THE PYRAMIDS Where do you buy the tickets?" "Tickets?" echoed the stranger.

"Yes, tickets for the show," persisted Experiences of the Baseball Aggre-A smile spread over the gentleman's face as he answered; "This is a private party, gation in the Land of Egypt.

1889.

Anse wanted to fall down as he made his ANSON'S THEATRICAL ADVENTURE.

apologies and hasty exit from the residence of one of the most distinguished military officers in the city. INGERSOLL'S IMAGE.

Vicinity of the Sphinx.

Among the antiquities in the Bolauk Museum that interested the Chicago people particularly, is a small wooden image about three feet high. A kind of gown covers the figure leaving exposed the ankles and feet. In one hand is a thin staff, and he has one foot forward as if in the act of walking. It looks as if it might be the image of a her-mit. The face is full, round and smooth, there is a semblance of baldness above the forehead and the general air is soft and

The wood is of a mahogany color and the catalogue says it is a relic of the fourth dynasty and has been found to be an exact image of Sheik El Beled, one of the Mayors of Saqqurah. However true this may be there wasn't a Chicagoan who visited the museum who did not find in it the exact image of their former distinguished towns-man, Bob Ingersoll. There was only one trifling difference; the right cheek image was not entirely smooth, having a long crock in it. The catalogue number is S. GOODFRIEND.

TRIVIAL INCIDENTS.

old Egypt and gave an exhibition of the Not Ensy to Draw the Line Between Them American national game purely for the and Important Occurrences. love of poetic association, untarnished by London Spectator.]

A dozen or more camels and donkeys had What may be deemed a trivial incident? been edgaged to take the players out to the What is an occurrence of serious import-Pyramids and they arrived at an early ance? Those who have observed life most hour. It is a usual thing to find a half closely will probably be the least able to dozen or more saddled donkeys in front of furnish to these queries replies altogether the hotel entrances ready to carry travelers satisfactory. The choice of a boy's school, a on their sight-seeing trips around the city. young man's start in a profession, marriage, serious injuries, illness, sudden wealth or The large party at the Orient had naturally attracted a regular retinue of donkey keeppoverty, would probably be included in the latter; while meeting an acquaintance ers and they were already on hand when in the street, forgetting to post a letter, ac-cepting an invitation to a particular party, the expression of a random opinion, missing those for the Pyramid trip arrived. As the players came out in their uniforms those who were to stride the donkeys made a a railway train, are likely to be relegated to the former category. Yet an unbiased an-alysis of the experiences of the majority of mankind would, in our opinion, show that what is variously termed by different orders of persons "providence," "chance," or the "chapter of accidents," acting extremely The result was a scene of almost hopeless onfusion and the din was frightful even for bedlamic Cairo. The donkeykeepers quarreled and swore at each other, and Leigh often through the agency of the slightest imaginable circumstances, plays a most important, not unfrequently an overwhelming Lynch's hair could be seen turning graver dragomen had drawn their camels up to the curb and were belaboring them to an accompart, in the drama of human affairs. The arising of a certain idea at a given

propitious moment is another most weighty factor in life. It may be replied that Newpaniment of frantic yells to get them down on their knees, regardless of the fate of the boy donkey-tenders, as they jabbered with ton's apple or Watt's tea kettle only brought to a definite expression reflections which had long been working in the philosopher's equal vehemence in the crush between the onderous Sahara roadsters.

The hotel porters swore alternately in brain; but there can be no question that French, Greek and Arabic; hackmen forced many thoughts productive of momentous their way through the throng, slashing their whips right and left; the crowd laughed disconsequences flash on the mind suddenly by can only be termed an inspiration Then, again, as to a particular line of conduct and its results. The novice is taught, by offering an unceasing stream of advice; and rightly taught, that the good apprentice little bootblacks crawled upon the sidewalk and endeavoyed to blacken the shoes of the ucceeds, and comes in his special sphere to ball players by main force; the policemen whacked innocent and unfortunate pedes-trians who got inside the circle; Spalding honor and credit. But we could name an eminent public character who owes his brilliant career entirely to crass neglect of his duty as a railway booking clerk; and yelled pigeon-Egyptian at the chief drago-man at the rate of 100 words a minute, and also an idle dunce at school, held pre-destined to the workhouse, who retired from business about the time his cotemporaries the players used vigorous and emphatic language to the crowd of beggars as they forced their way to the animals, unheedful of the were taking their degrees, on a fortune acquired through a timely developed genius It was another confusion of tongues, and for blending and tasting tea.

We know of a young Austrian to whom vast wealth was bequeathed by an aged gentleman whom the lucky youngster met in a railway train returning from his only son's funeral because the bereaved parent was touched by the close resemblance of the if it was a sample of what a pandemonium 300 Cairenes can make it will be difficult for them to obtain umpires to face the racket of several thousand should baseball ever become popular in their country. It was a great circus, and if the players can have it duplicated in an American city they can easily draw an audience of 20,000 stranger's features to those of his departed boy. Similarly, we are acquainted with a person who distinctly traces his cutry on a distinguished professional life to the selec-One of the most interesting features of the ride was the animated panorama of Egyp-tian life that passed the baseball procession tion one day of a certain thoroughfare in a large city, where several ways met. Above all, to mention the most critical of steps, the origin of very many marriages would disclose this woof of destiny crossing, modifying and not seldom canceling the operation of the warp of law generally controlling on the way. The road, at first, was through the main streets, but singular as it may seem, the strangely uniformed caravan seemed to excite but little surprise or com-ment from the natives. Off from the principal thoroughfares an unending line of camels was met on their way to the city events.

THE WITCH OF BERKELEY.

Some were burdened with great stacks of long grass, one hanging on each side; others carried big baskets of vegetables, huge The Singular Way in Which She Directed Her Body to be Buried. Newcastle (England) Chronicle.1

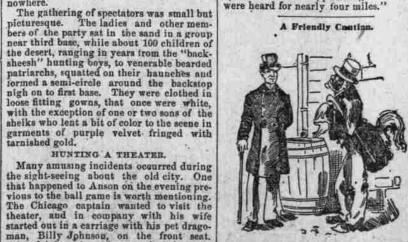
Old William, of Malmesbury tells us At one place a funeral passed by, the that the famous witch of Berkeley "put no mourners all males, walking several abreast, chanting a monotonous dirge. In the rear four men bore the coffin, a plain pine box covered with a red cloth, on their shoulders, moderation to her sins," because she was as yet on this side of old age, although beating on the door of it with a near foot. while two little boys immediately in front Trouble coming to her as it does to all morcarried a bird-like reed cage, its contents hidden by a red cloth. As the ball players passed the mourners ceased their chant for tals, her son dving and his family being ruined, she fell ill and summoned her surviving children, a monk and a nun, to come a moment and grinned amusedly at the queer camel-riders. They were not, apparently, overwhelmed with grief. Perhaps to her. She confessed herself to have been a great sinner, but relied pretty comfortably they even felt happy. Departure from the squalor and wretchedness of a poor man's life in Cairo, even by death, might, veryupon their piety to make things better for her. What her occult knowledge taught her might be the ultimate fate of her body, after the soul had gone to its just reward, Further on the procession crossed the great Kasr-el-Nil bride across the Nile. A she knew best, but her instructions for its preservation were singular. sharp turn in the road at the opposite side brought it in front of a broad, open space

She directed that it be sewn in a stag's hide and afterward placed in a stone sarcopha-gus, the cover of which was to be fastened with lead and iron. In addition, three iron chains of great weight were to fasten the stone, and there was to be psalm-singing for 50 nights, and the same number of masses in the days. If for three nights these precautions could keep the body at rest, on the fourth night, it was to be buried in the ground. But it was no use; vows, prayers, and tears were equally of no avail, while the strongly bolted door gave way easily to the devils, who broke through the band of singeven space of sand in a little valley about 500 yards from the Sphinx. The ground was ing choirs and tore asunder the two chains soft and sandy, but had sufficient hardness to give, a hold on the shee spikes. Just be-yond the infield the ground began to rise, and a short cropping of grass appeared at the extremities of the stone, the middle

one resisting their force.

This was on the first two nights; on the third the whole monastery seemed shaken to its foundation, and a tall, terrible man dashed the doors in pieces, advanced to the coffin, and calling to the woman by name com-manded her to arise. Upon her answering she could not on account of her chains, "You shall be loose," said he, "and to your evil;" and immediately she broke the chain with as much ease as pack-thread. He also kicked off the lid of the coffin, and, having taken her by the hand, drew her out of the church in sight of them all. "Before the door stood a proud black horse neighing, with iron hooks projecting over his whole back. The woman was put upon the beast, and soon disappeared from the eyes of the spectators. Her supplicating cries for help were heard for nearly four miles.'

A Friendly Contian.



man, Billy Johnson, on the front seat.
After driving through several of the main streets Anson noticed a large building illuminated and made up his mind it was the theater. He ordered the driver to stop in front of it. A number of soldiers in red Mr. Weepleigh (who has come around the corner nnexpectedly)-Good morning, Uncle Philip!

coats were drawn up in front of the brightly lit entrance, but the "old man" thought this was only a custom of the country. He assisted his wife out of the carriage and together they entered the spacious vestibule. A handsome military looking gentleman of the country. He fambly ob coons moved in ober on d'hill, an' dey's li'ble ter be fond ob chick'ns. How's yo' Leghorns a-gittin' 'long, sah?—

Judge. Uncle Philip - Good mornin', 'squire;

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

MORALS AND MANNERS.

BY A CLERGYMAN.



OU cannot judge of the height of a mountain when right under it-you need an offing of 20 miles. Neither can the magnitude of an event be justly estimated when too near We are now far enough removed from the still recent change in the National Government to measure one phase

onceived than the peaceful transfer of this mighty nation's destinies from the hands and hearts of one set of patriotic men to the hearts and hands of another set with different ideas and politics. The scene in Washington on inauguration day was more dramatic than any coup de theater. The streets were full of soldiers, but they were only figures in a pageant. The boom of cannon was heard, but it was the thunder of salutation of the outgoing to the incoming tenants of the White House. The excitement was frantic, but it was the frenzy of peace, not war. Conflicts they were, but they were conflicts of good-natured chaff and badinage, The finest procession that day was not the Presidental one-it was the inexhaustible pro-cession along the sidewalk, in the misty perspective ever lost, ever renewed, sweeping on-ward between its architectural banks under the ceaseless drip of rain, but all afame with rainbow colors, pushing, laughing, the strife of sight-seers, not of fighters, with plumes and velvets and silks and tatters commingled in one indescribable confusion of democratic

Nothing more humanly sublime can be

What could be finer than the interchance of ourtesies between President Cleveland and President Harrison? than the active supervision of Mrs. Cleveland at the White House n preparing the Presidental lunch? than the elicate surrender of place and power on the one hand, and the graceful acceptance of it on

the other? When we remember what a change of administration means (especially a radical change, involving the displacement and replacement of great parties); when we recall the flerceness of the preceding national canvass; when we reflect upon what all this would mean anywhere else—in France, barricades and the Marseillaise; in Mexico, civil war; in the South American Republics, anarchy—it is impossible not to feel proud of our dear America, and to exult over its self-control and patriotic behavior.

and to exult over its self-control and patriotic behavior.

This is Sunday, and the writer of these lines has nothing to do on this day and in these columns with politics. But it is impossible, even in a quiet ministerial corner, to look out over that scene of tumultuous concord, without congratulating Democrats and Republicans alike upon their equality to the situation. The English poet, Coleridge, says he once met in Frankfort, a German who always took off his hat with profound respect when he spoke of himself. In view of its behavior on the 4th of March, the American people is entitled to take off its hat to itself.

A Religious War in Canada.

There is grave talk of religious war in Canada, In Prince Edward's Island, in New Brunswick, in Quebec, where the balance between Protest ants and Roman Catholics is so even that it is easily disturbed, the feeling is angry and belligerent. It is race against race, creed against creed, church against church, house against

Charges of bad faith, and no taith at all, are freely bandied. Rusty old swords are being rough ground, and firearms are kept cocked The Canadian Confederation bids fair to

blow up with an explosion that will shake the blow up with an explosion that will shake the continent.

See here, friends across the line, what is the matter with you? Don't you remember that this is the afternoon of the nineteenth century? Haven't religious wars bled out? What do you expect to gain by cutting one another's throats? Is this the way to illustrate and commend the gospel of the Prince of Peace? Are you "liying epistles" written in the ink of the New Testament?

Come now, have done with your squabbling. Take the advice of Brother Jonathan, and let your only rivairy be the rivairy of good will and good works. Isn't the Canadian weather coid enough this year to keep you cool? Go

cold enough this year to keep you cool? Go into the ice palace at Montreal, then, and cool off there—in summer attire.

One thing is certain; you Canadians can't come into this glorious union until you Christianize your morals and your manners.

Always Be Doing. To one of a nervous, sanguine temperament, nationt waiting is the most difficult of attain. ments. Quicksilver people must be in motion. Very well, then. While waiting for the special thing for which you are called upon to exercise patience, grapple the nearest thing. Discharge the obvious task. This will at once profitably occupy the time, and be likeliest to lead out to the object waited for.

In the many days gone by Simon Peter was In the many days gone by Simon Peter was obliged, on one occasion, to wait for the promised vision of the risen Christ. Meantime, what to do? He was not a natural waiter; so he said: "I go a fishing." And, oh joyl right there in his boat, as it rose and fell with the breathing of the water, he gained the longed-for sight, and beheld Jesus. Suppose he had stayed moping in Jerusalem. What if he had dawlied up and down Galilee? Why, then his waiting might have been eternal.

dawlied up and down Galilee? Why, then his waiting might have been eternal.

If von cannot do the thing you want to out of hand, do the thing you can—the thing in hand. Often the path to the desired object lies straight through what is less desirable, on the principle of the provero, "The longest way round is the nearest way home."

But for those who are sequestered from active life by age or infirmity, and who rest under the weight of years or beneath God's hand, waiting is serving. Milton, old, blind, in poverty, left and expressed this in his famous sonnet on blindness:

God doth not need Either man's works or his own gifts; who best Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed, And post o'er land and ocean without rest; They also serve who only stand and wait.

Death Will Always Prevail. Our mutual friend, Mr. Smith, (a very numerous man) is projected into the year 2889 by the wisard pen of Jules Verne. The imaginative Frenchman's latest flight of fancy is his highest. He gives a prophecy and a history—a prophecy of 1,000 years hence, and a history of, an editor in that millenium.

Well, Mr. Smith (anybody familiar with the Well, Mr. Smith (anybody familiar with the directory would know that the Smiths were in no danger of petering out, but might expect, like Tennyson's brook, to "go on forever"), is no pairty millionaire like his brother of trady. Not a billionaire like his brother of trady. Not a billionaire is he. An air coach (borrowed from Elijah, 1,000 years and more ago) conveys him in flashes which annihilate time and distance. He chats with his wife in Paris through the telephone. Nay, he sees her as she sits at supper, through the telephote (not yet invented), just yonder on the boulevard dag Italiens. He receives her promise to be hack and home in America by Il o'clock that night (a disreputable hour for a woman to be scurrying through the air. But perhaps woman will then be thoroughly "emancipated." and singing bass in the choir). Mr. Smith's reporters gather the news by pneumatic contrivances. His journal blazons its advertisements on clouds—but is careful to exact payment therefor in more substantial form.

Two things, however, are disappointing to our hopeful anticipations of the "good time coming." Mr. Smith, with all his gettings, has not got rid of care and worry. These twin demons torment him precisely as they do his namesake of to-day. His brow is as grawn, his manner is as restless, his increasing business anxieties are as burdensome as are those of the editor of this journal. Moreover, "in Mr. Smith's presence, a much-heralded experiment was tried of bringing back to life one whose animation had been suspended for a hundred years. But it failed then, just as disastrously as it would fail now." So, then, wrinkles and death reign down there, just as they do up here. Try again, Jules Verne. directory would know that the Smiths were in

Temperate Temperance. It is a pity that the temperance question should not be discussed more calmly and rationally. The problem is so utterly perplexed and difficult, the interests concerned, the in-dividual habits affected, the social customs at stake are so manifold, that it is hopeless to

think of solving it out of hand. Unfortunately, one or two panaceas are widely advertised and trumpeted. And worst of all, those who question the efficacy of these cure-alls are fiercely denounced as enemies of God and man. Instead of welcoming the contribution of any thoughful student of a social question of such magnitude; instead of looking at the question all round, and like Lord Bacon.

formulating a philosophy from the facts, the formulating a philosophy from the laces, the self-elected champions of temperance never meet without reading out of the ranks anybody and everybody who cannot adopt their remedy and swallow their nostrim. All agree as to the evil; the disagreement is only in the ways and means of betterment. No matter if you are not in favor of prohibition you are the friend of the dive and the brothel—such is the charge.

are not in layor of promoted—such is the charge.

The truth is that intemperance ought to be treated in a dozen different ways. The treatment should be conditioned by the culture, the race proclivities, the social usage of the locality. Prohibition is one way, It is the exterme of absurdity to claim that it is the only way. Yet in the four States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Nebraska and Pennsylvania a vote is to be polled this spring on the question of incorporating in their constitutions a clause prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. That is, it is gravely proposed while debate is going on, while methods are still under consideration, while nothing is soitled save the character of the gigantic evil, to force a questionable remedy into the fundamental law of the State. "Prohibition as an effective measure of temperance," remarks the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in the Christian Union, "is still an experiment, whose general results thus far justify the conclusion that it succeeds in a rural community where Protestant and Puritan elements are in the ascendency, and fails in commercial and manufacturing communities where the population is heterogeneous." facturing communities where the popular heterogeneous."
Before adopting this experiment as a final measure, it were wiser to wait and watch.

Control your temper, for if it does not obey you is will govern you. -Horace. If you wish to marry suitably, marry your equal. - Ovid.

God is ever drawing like toward like and Remember the judgment of God that thou mayest justly fear; and never forget His merev that thou mayest never be led to despair.

—Petrarch.

Some are honest and pious as long as they thrive upon it; but if the devil himself gives better wages they soon change their party.—

Chide a friend in private and praise him in leak. Never tell your secret to the aged—old doors seidem shut closely.—Selected.

How soon passing events become the subject How soon passing events become the subject of painting, poetry and history. We move and act among them, and are a part of them to-day. To-morrow (like Ænas, who saw his own doings on the brazen gates of the Tyrian Queen), we have the whole hung up in galleries or described in books, and moving us again to indignation, to merriment, or to tears.—W. P. The famous Dr. Fuller having requested bright triend to make an epitaph for him, re

"Here Lies Fuller's Earth."

MATERIAL FOR A MORAL

The Interesting Story of the Evolution of the Corbait Very Prettily Told. New York Sun.J In the streams of the Rocky Mountains

the fishermen use a bait that is not generally known in the United States. It is called. corbait. It is a kind of water grub, and in natural history it furnishes, like the butterfly, some interesting evidence in favor of the doctrine of evolution, while the close of its existence might point a moral for preachers and philosophers of opposite turns of mind.
At the sandy bottom of a clear and sluggish stream it first appears as a little maggot rolling along with the current. As it rolls, portions of the finest sand and atoms of wood stick to it, until it acquires a complete overcoat. With the gluey substance which it has acquired in nature's store, it cements the sand and little particles of wood around its body with marvelous skill. Its head and front parts are somewhat like a fly or little beetle, and it has strong claws. When its overcoat or house is finished, with all the modern improvements, it stops rolling and begins to crawl on the against the current until it reaches a rock, under which it takes refuge from trout and other enemies. There it remains in peace

In winter it closes up the front and only door of its cabin and doubtless sleeps the sleep of the just. When spring returns, and the water begins to get warm, it manages to thin down the walls of its habitation, from which, of course, the water is already expelled, until it becomes sufficiently buoyant to bear the tenant to the surface. Then it floats along, looking like an insig-nificant fragment of a rotten twig. Sudnificant fragment of a rotten twig. denly under the rays of the sun the upper portion of this affair bursts open. is a boat now, with one little passenge aboard—a beautiful green fly, known by trout fishers as the "green drake." Perfectly sale in his little vessel, this green drake enjoys the sunshine. He scratches his wings with his toes, combs his hair with his fingers, and takes some long and lazy stretches. Then, as if struck with a new idea, he raises his wings, hesitates a moment to consider his future career, and at last flies off to make

and security all through the summer.

new acquaintances in another sphere of Unfortunately his want of experience on wings is too often fatal to him. His ability and propensity to walk upon the water seem to be of questionable utility; but he gets there as if to look down upon the miserable world from which he came. Lost in reverie and serene happiness, he floats along care-lessly and then disappears in the jaws of a hungry trout, where his variegated career.

CAN'T TAKE THE CENSUS.

Some of the Ludicrous Experiences the French Are Having in Tonquin.

New York Sun.)
The French are having some ludicrous experiences in Topquin,a land that seems to be a good deal of a white elephant in their hands. They have, for the present, given up their efforts to take the census of the capital, Hanoi, which is supposed to contain about 100,000 persons. Every time the census agents started on their rounds they created a small panic. The natives were certain some deep-laid deviltry was at the bottom of this unheard of and incompre-hensible affair. It was evident their taxes were to be increased, or they were to be vic-timized in some manner. The result was that on each occasion there was a great exodus of townspeople to visit their country cousins, and those who remained imparted the wildest misinformation. Little matrons declared by all that was sacred that they were childless widows, though their half dozen young hopefuls were at that time tumbling about in the gutters. The French have grown weary of pursuing knowledge under such trying circumstances.

OBSERVING THE LETTER OF THE LAW. A Chicago Man's Method of Keeping a Clean

Conscience During Lent. Chicago Mail.] We are now launched upon the lenten eason, and many a poor fellow while trying to do his duty has found temptation too strong and broken his vows. Sitting in a restaurant to-day a gentleman overheard the following conversation between the man sitting opposite and the waiter:

Bring me some baked white fish." "All out, sir."
"Out? Then I'll take some pork and cabbage. This is lent, but the Lord knows I called for fish."

The Lutest in Directory Costumes.

